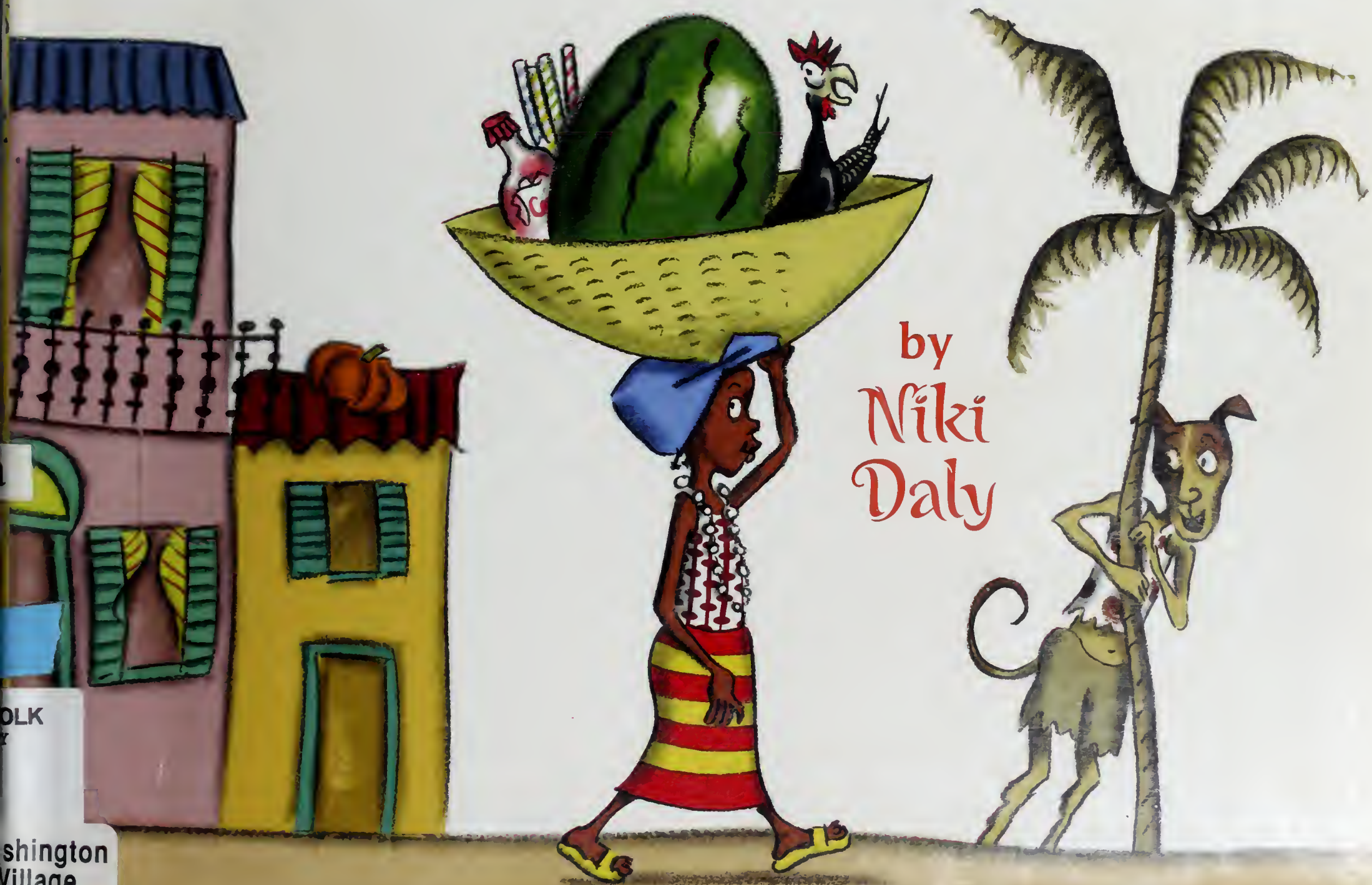


Pretty Salma

A Little Red Riding Hood
Story from Africa

by
Niki
Daly



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Village

\$16.00

Pretty Salma lives with her granny and grandfather on the quiet side of town. When Granny asks Salma to go to the market one day, she warns her not to talk to strangers. But cunning Mr. Dog tricks Salma into talking to him. Then, before Salma knows it, Mr. Dog is wearing her stripy *ntama*, her pretty white beads, and her yellow sandals. And he's on his way to Granny's house!

Internationally celebrated children's book creator Niki Daly's imaginative retelling of this popular fairy tale is filled with rich cultural details and vibrant, lively illustrations that bring to life the unique West African setting. The result is a story that combines new and old and spans cultures as successfully as it has spanned the centuries.



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For Salma

Ghanaian words

ntama (n-TA-ma) is a wrap-around skirt.

atumpan (ah-TOOM-pon) is a talking drum.



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a young girl fails to heed Granny's warning about the dangers of talking to strangers.

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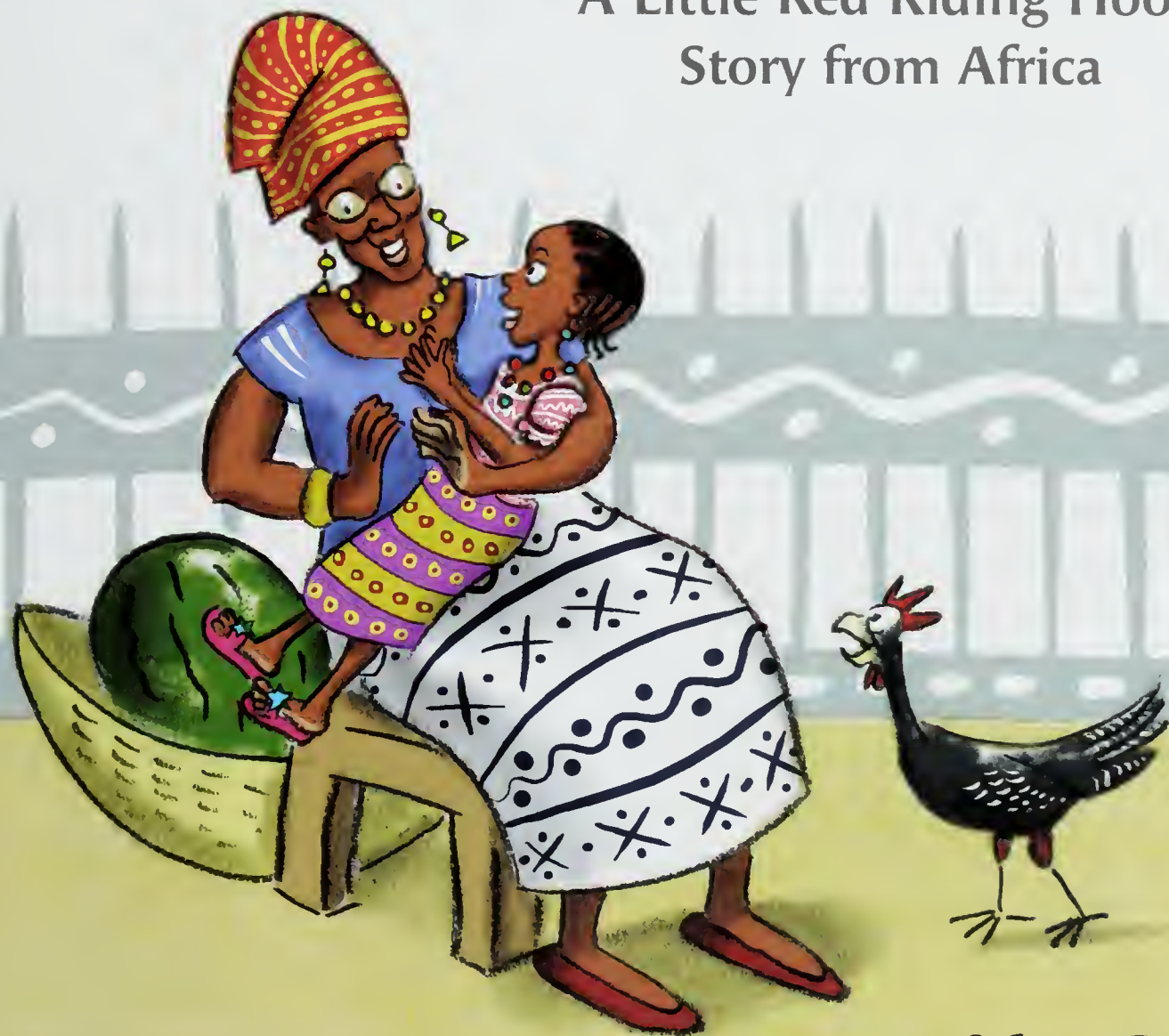
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Pretty Salma

A Little Red Riding Hood
Story from Africa



by Niki Daly

Clarion Books • New York



Salma lived with her granny and grandfather on the quiet side of town. One day, her granny said, “Salma! Pretty Salma, please go to market for your old granny, who loves you so.”



Salma put on her blue scarf,



her stripy *ntama*,



her pretty white beads,



and her yellow sandals.

She tucked Granny's shopping list in her *ntama*, lifted Granny's big straw basket onto her head, and kissed Granny goodbye. "Straight there and back again!" said Granny. "And *don't* talk to strangers, you hear?" "Okay, I promise," said Salma.



Off went Salma, *flip-flop, flip-flop* in her yellow sandals. As she walked, she sang her favorite song:

*Oh, Salma, Pretty Salma,
Come kiss Granny,
your darling old Granny,
who loves you soooooooo!*



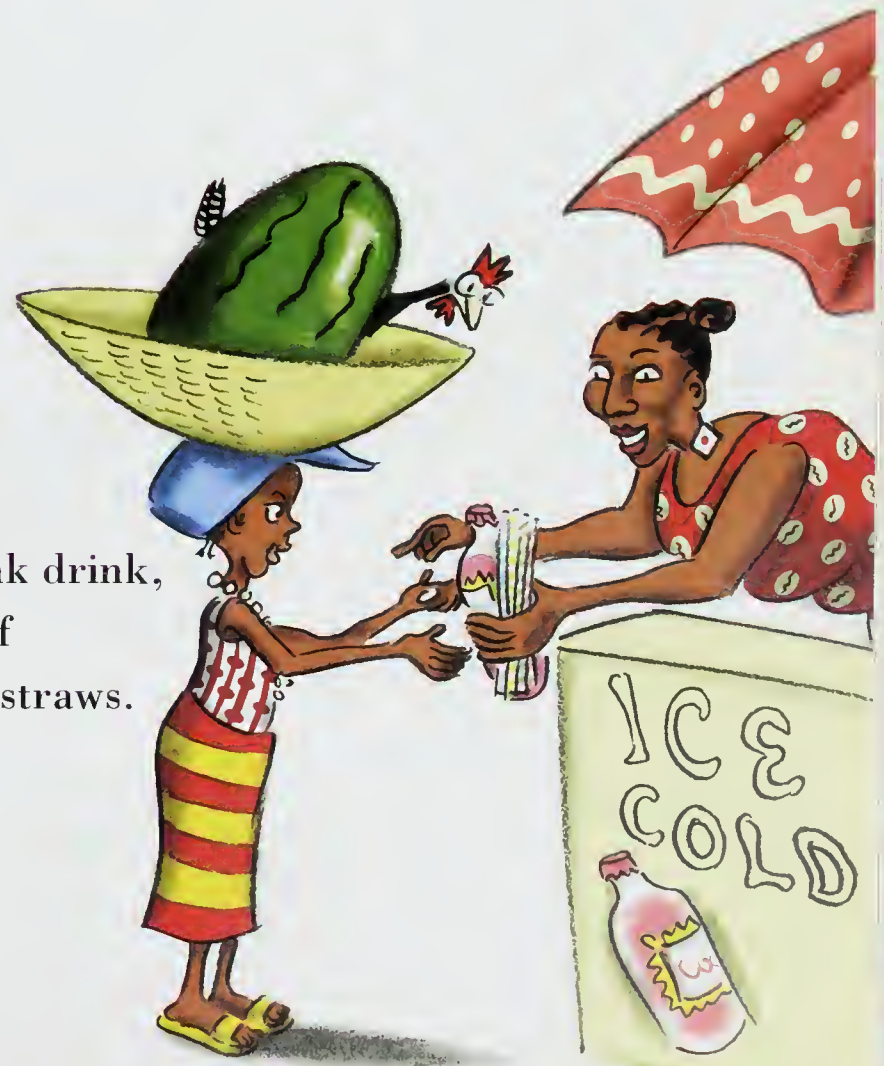
At the market,
she bought
a giant watermelon,



a speckled rooster,



an ice-cold pink drink,
and a bunch of
candy-striped straws.





The sun was growing hot, and the basket felt very heavy. So Salma decided to take a shortcut home, through the wild side of town.

Along the way she sang her favorite song:

*Oh, Salma, Pretty Salma,
Come kiss Granny,
your darling old Granny,
who loves you soooooooo!*



“Are you Pretty Salma?”

asked a stranger.

It was Mr. Dog. He had been listening to her song.

“Yes,” said Salma.

“Are you going to Granny’s?” asked Mr. Dog.

“Yes,” said Salma.

“Well, your basket is much too heavy for such a pretty little head,” said Mr. Dog.

“Allow me to carry it for you.”

Salma did feel a bit dizzy from the heat, so she agreed to let Mr. Dog carry her basket.





After a while, Mr. Dog asked,
“What are you wearing on your feet?”
“Sandals,” replied Pretty Salma.
“They must be making your little feet very hot,”
he said. “Why don’t I wear them for you?”

So they stopped,
and Mr. Dog slipped
his big feet into
Salma’s sandals.



On they went, *floppety-flip, flippety-flop!*
After a while, Mr. Dog asked,
“What’s that wrap you’re wearing?”
“My *ntama*,” replied Salma.
“I bet you’d feel cooler without it.
I’d be happy to wear it for you.”

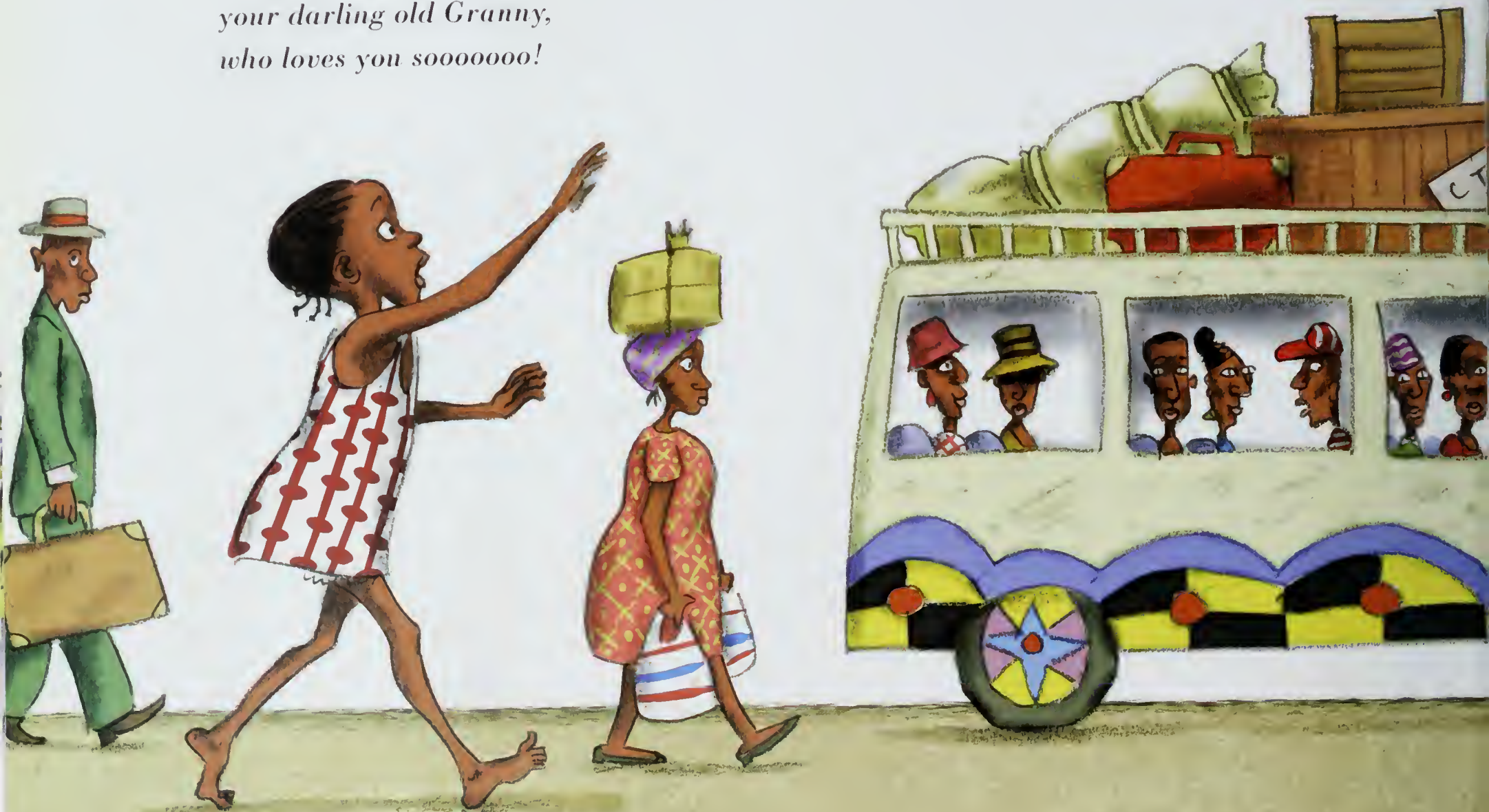


No sooner had Mr. Dog wrapped
Salma’s *ntama* around himself than
he asked for her scarf and pretty beads.
“How do I look?” asked Mr. Dog,
striking a pose.



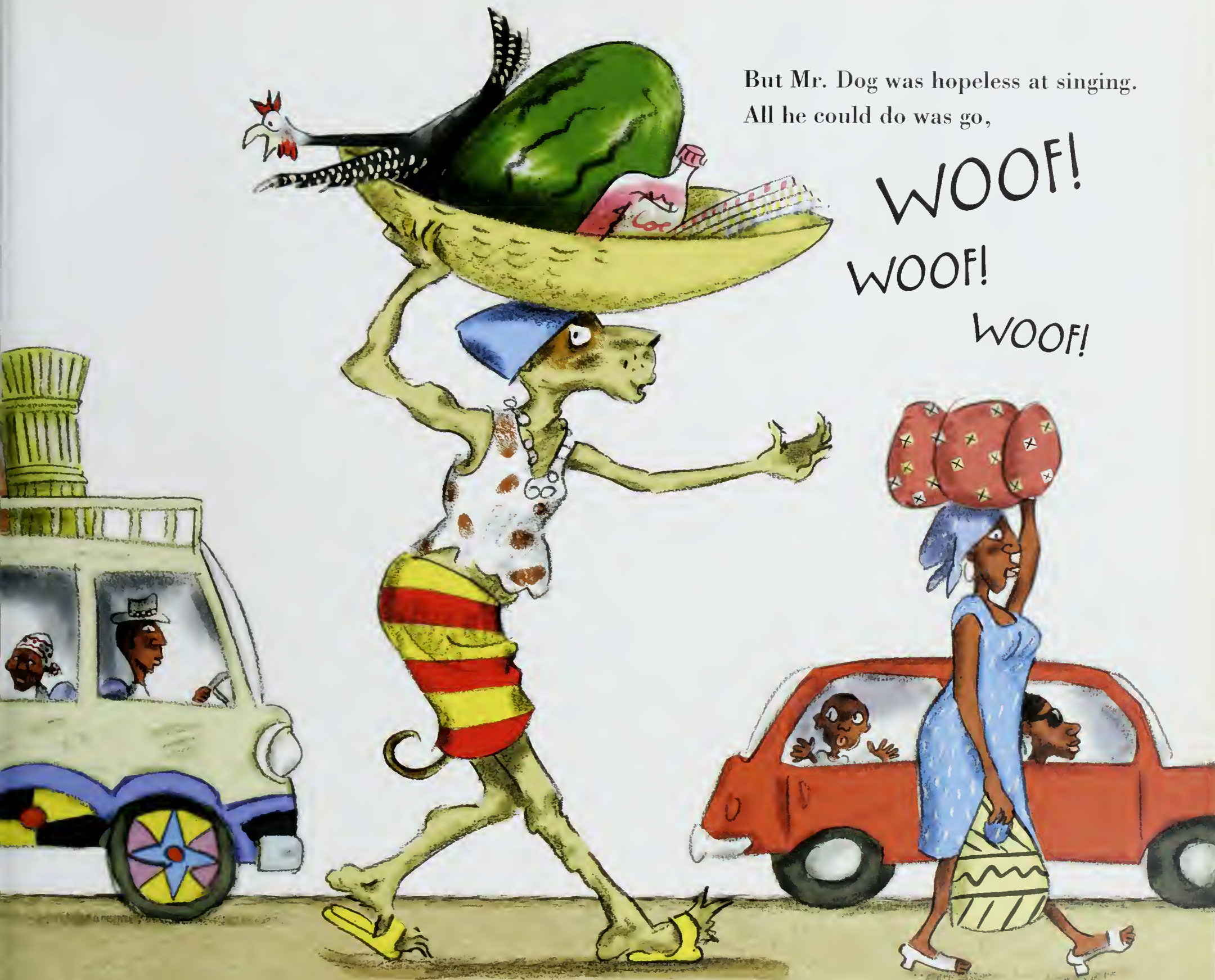
Mr. Dog strutted along the road in high style. Salma began to miss her things. But when she asked for them back, Mr. Dog only said, "Some music will help us beat the heat. Won't you teach me a song?" So Salma tried to teach him her favorite song:

*Oh, Salma, Pretty Salma,
Come kiss Granny,
your darling old Granny,
who loves you soooooooo!*



But Mr. Dog was hopeless at singing.
All he could do was go,

WOOF!
WOOF!
WOOF!



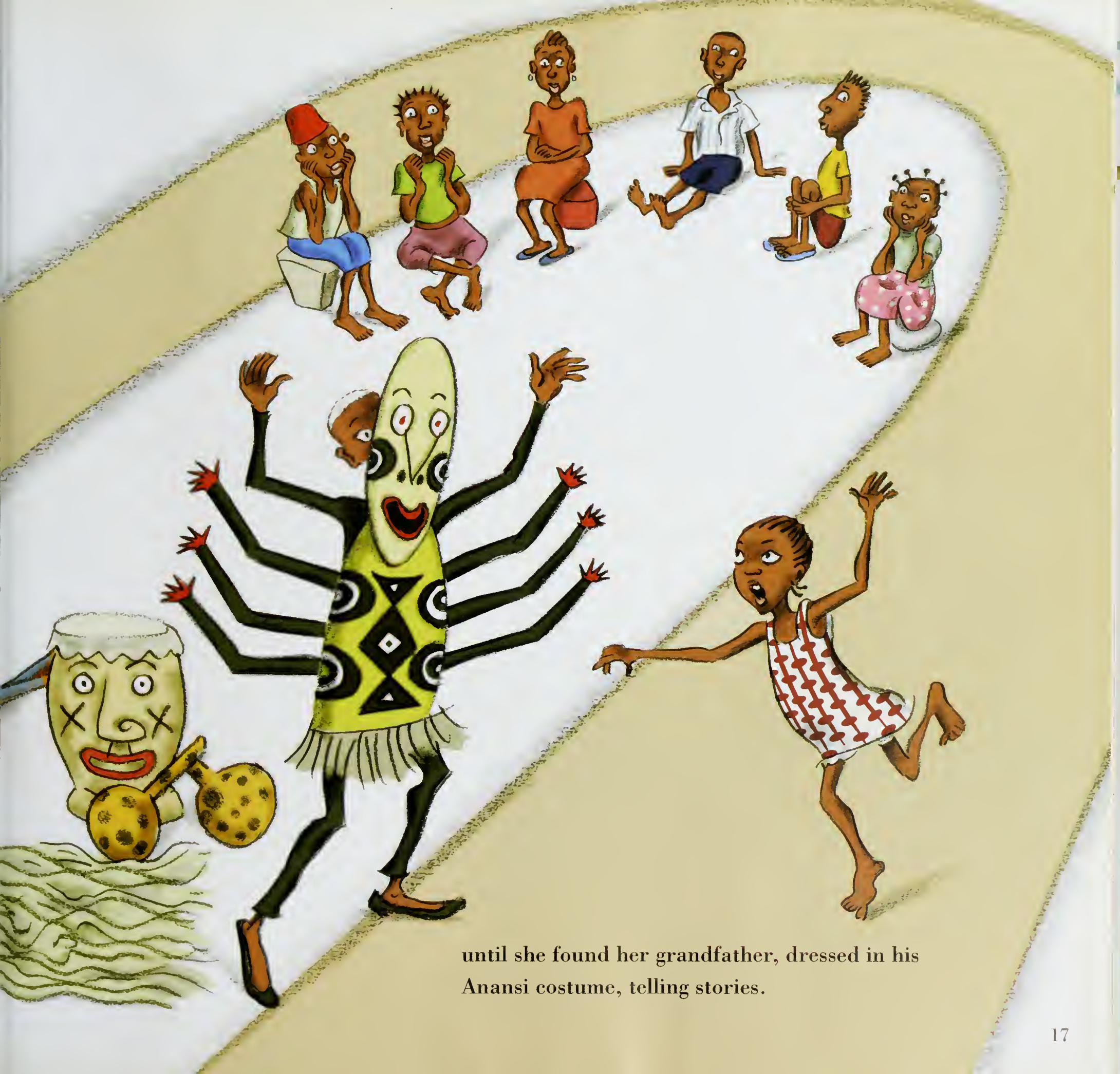
“I need a *lot* more practice,” said Mr. Dog.
“And until I learn to sing, you won’t get your things back!”

Salma begged, Salma pleaded. "Mr. Dog, Mr. Dog,
please give me back my things!"

Mr. Dog growled. "Shhh! You will never,
ever get your things back!
Now run away, little girl,
before I bite you
in two!"

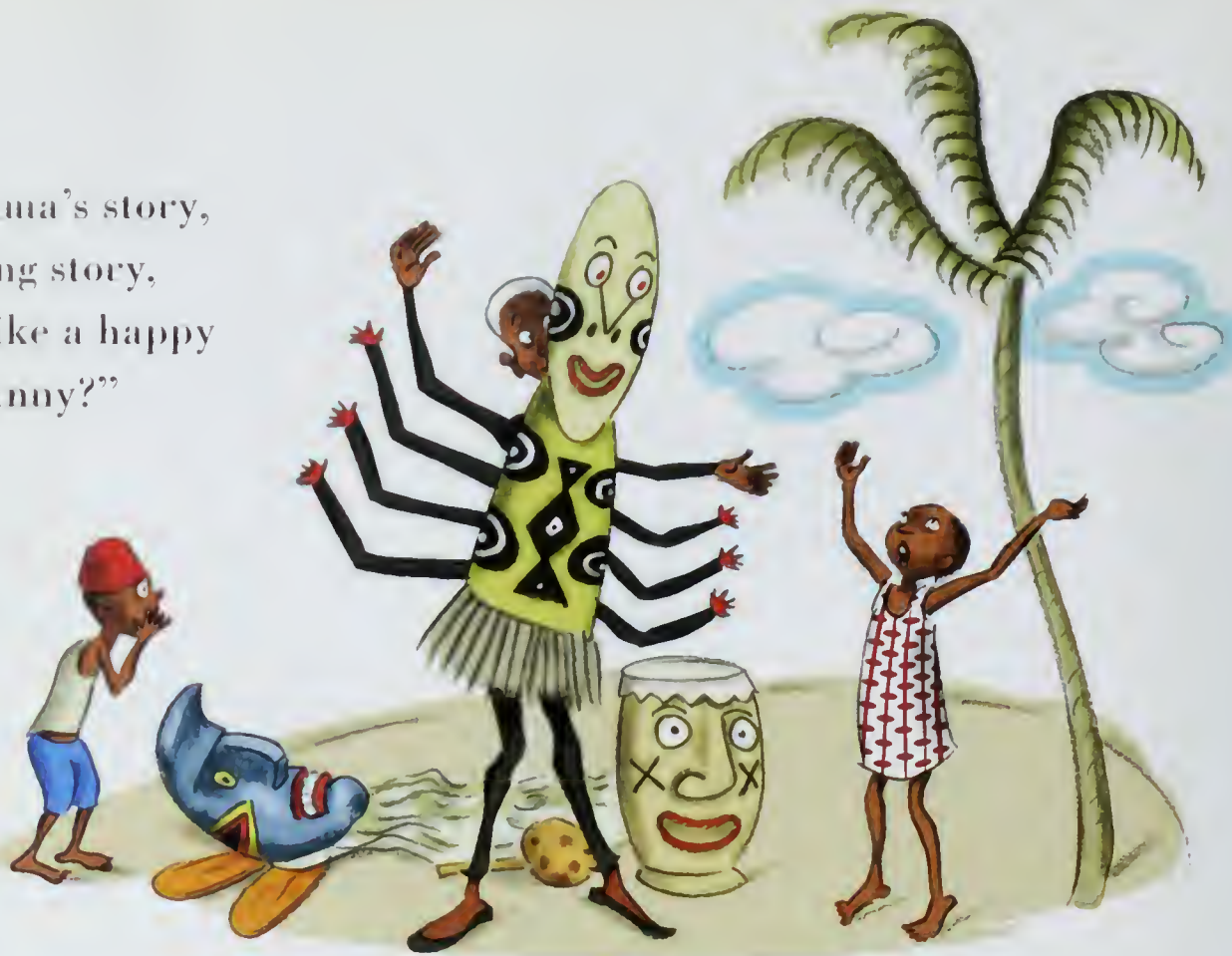


Poor Salma got such a fright when she saw his sharp teeth
that she ran . . . and ran . . . and ran . . .



until she found her grandfather, dressed in his
Anansi costume, telling stories.

When Grandfather heard Salma's story, he said, "That's a very exciting story, Salma, but it doesn't sound like a happy ending. How can we save Granny?"



"I know," said Salma.
"We'll scare Mr. Dog!"
"Exactly *how* will we scare Mr. Dog?" asked Grandfather.
"Like this!" said Salma, putting on the mask of Ka Ka Motobi the Bogeyman.

Salma picked up Anansi's *atumpan* and beat it loudly,
Goema goema! Grandfather picked up his rattles
and gave them a fierce shake, *Shooka shooka!*
Little Abubaker, who loved
a good scare, joined in with
clapping sticks, *Kattack-attack!*
“Let’s go!” cried Salma.



Meanwhile . . .



. . . when Granny saw Mr. Dog flip-flopping up the path, she thought it was her Pretty Salma. “Salma, Pretty Salma, come give your granny, who loves you, a kiss!” cried Granny. Mr. Dog leapt up and gave her a sloppy kiss. “Oh, my, Salma,” said Granny. “What a wet nose you have!”





Granny took the heavy basket from Mr. Dog and said, "Salma, Pretty Salma, you look hungry. Let's eat!" Mr. Dog started to chase the speckled rooster round and round. "Oh, my, Salma," said Granny. "What an appetite you have!"





Then Granny said, "Salma, Pretty Salma,
it's time for your bath."

Into the bath leapt Mr. Dog.

"Oh, my, Salma," said Granny.

"What hairy ears you have!

Are you sure you are my Pretty Salma?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" cried Mr. Dog,

jumping onto Granny's lap

and wagging his tail.

Now Granny was really worried!

Did her Pretty Salma have a tail?

Perhaps this wasn't her Pretty Salma!





Well, there was only one way to find out . . .

“Let’s sing our favorite song,” said
Granny, and she started to sing,

“Oh, Salma, pretty Salma!
Come kiss Granny,
Your darling old Granny
who loves you soooooooooo!”

“WOOF! WOOF! WOOF!”

barked Mr. Dog.



Then Granny knew she had been tricked.





She reached for her broom. "Out! Get out!"
But Mr. Dog liked being Pretty Salma far too much
to leave Granny's house, so instead he growled
and snapped at her.





Granny was afraid Mr. Dog would bite her in two,
so she jumped into her cooking pot. Mr. Dog pushed
the lid down. “*Mmm... nice,*” he thought, “*Granny soup!*”
Granny cried,

“Help, help, help!”



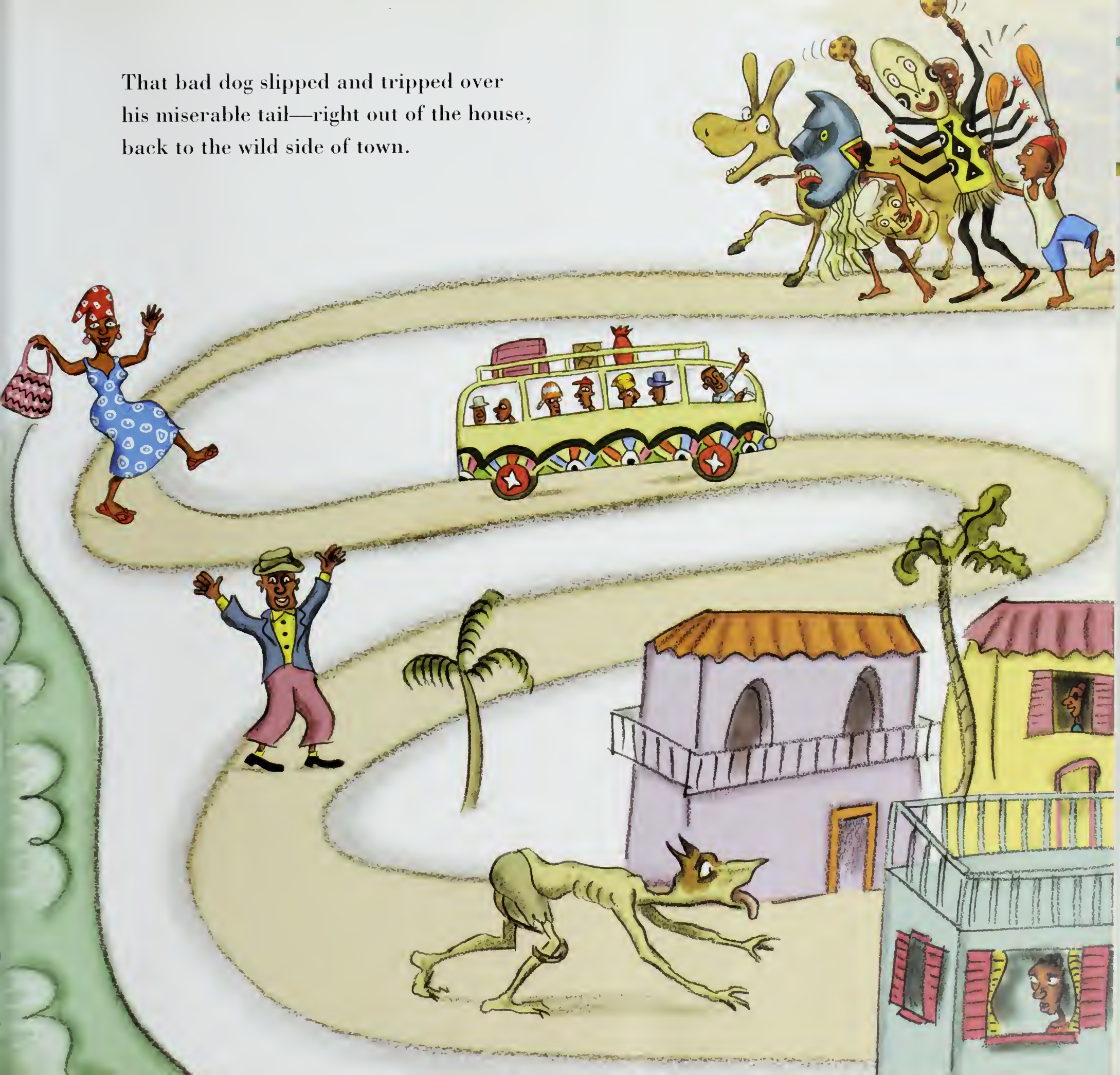
Just then, the door burst open with a loud

Goema goema!
Shooka shooka!
Kattack-attack!



When Mr. Dog saw Ka Ka Motobi the Bogeyman
and his gang, he got a terrible fright.

That bad dog slipped and tripped over
his miserable tail—right out of the house,
back to the wild side of town.



Salma took off her mask
and helped Granny climb
out of the pot.



Then they all sat down
to eat watermelon and
sip an ice-cold pink drink
through candy-striped straws.





The next day, Granny sent Salma to market to buy new clothes. Salma went straight there and back. And she never talked to strangers again.



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Niki Daly has been writing and illustrating picture books since 1978, both in South Africa and abroad. As an artist and a teacher, he has made significant contributions to children's literature. *Not So Fast, Songololo* paved the way for post-apartheid books for young people in South Africa and was a Parents' Choice Award winner; *Why the Sun & Moon Live in the Sky* was a *New York Times* Best Illustrated Book; and *Jamela's Dress* was an ALA Notable Children's Book and the recipient of a Children's Literature Choice Award and a Parents' Choice Silver Award.

Niki Daly lives and works in Cape Town, South Africa. His previous book with Clarion was *Welcome to Zanzibar Road*.

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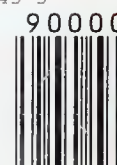


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